

To return, however, to Ontario.

By the Imperial Act of 1791, Upper Canada was severed for political purposes from the Lower Province. It was further provided that one-seventh of the Crown lands in Upper Canada should be set apart as a permanent endowment for the support of a Protestant Clergy, whilst Rectories were to be formed in every township.

A first result of the political change was the appointment of Lieutenant Governor Simcoe in 1792, one of the most far-seeing and public spirited Governors ever sent to this country. His memory is still preserved by the Northern Lake which bears his name, and which he connected with Toronto by the great road now known as Yonge Street.

As soon as the political institutions of the young Province were successfully inaugurated, and the Parliament was transferred to Toronto (then York) as the Provincial capital, the new Governor, following in the steps of Bishop Inglis, applied himself to the foundation of an educational system, especially to the establishment of grammar schools in the chief centres, and ultimately to the foundation of a University.

Parliament appropriated 500,000 acres of land in aid of the scheme, and to the movement thus happily begun, we owe under God the presence in Upper Canada of John Strachan, afterwards to be the first Bishop of the Diocese of Toronto, and the heroic founder of this University.

Mr. Strachan arrived in Canada, on Dec. 31st, 1799, only to find Governor Simcoe recalled, and his plans for the most part in abeyance. Nothing daunted Mr. Strachan set vigorously to work to establish a grammar school of his own at Kingston, and after some four years of successful work here, was ordained Deacon at the invitation of the Rev. Dr. Stewart, Rector of Kingston, and appointed by Dr. Mountain, first Bishop of Quebec, to the Mission of Cornwall, where he remained until 1812.

Dr. Strachan's School at Cornwall is deservedly famous. During the nine years of its existence the future Bishop educated in it a number of boys destined to be the most influential in moulding their country and its institutions, whilst to the great respect in which Dr. Strachan was held by his old pupils was largely due the enormous power which for nearly 40 years he exerted in Upper Canada.

Amongst old Cornwall boys, we may recall the names of Dr. Bethune (second Bishop of Toronto, and for many years Principal of the Theological School at Cobourg), Sir John Beverley Robinson, Bart., our first Chancellor, in view of singular attainments holding the high position of Chief Justice of Upper Canada, from 1829 to 1863, and the very type of an accomplished Christian gentleman, and the Hon. Robert Baldwin, afterwards one of the bishop's greatest antagonists, as the head of a reform government, bent on secularizing the Clergy Reserves.

It is easy to see at this early period the same vim, will, and indomitable perseverance which enabled Dr. Strachan at the ripe age of seventy-two to embark in full vigour and confidence upon the two stupendous tasks of founding

afresh our University, and organizing once more the Church committed to his charge.

Dr. Strachan became Rector of York in 1812, at the outbreak of the American war. During that terrible struggle his courage and strength were alike severely tested. Both these qualities were conspicuously shewn at the taking of York by the American forces in 1813. Nothing but the firmness and determination of Dr. Strachan prevented the American general from consigning York to the flames, a treatment which had been already meted out to Niagara shortly before. High words, we are told, passed between the two, but at length the Rector's threat, that if York were burnt, the British would, as reinforcements arrived from England, certainly treat in the same way Buffalo, Lewiston, and Oswego, produced the desired affect, and York was thus saved.

(To be continued.)

ON THE SETTING OF JEWELS.

A good poem is a jewel; but the jewel should be fitly set, and the peculiarity of the setting of such a gem is this, that by its means the craftsman becomes possessor of the treasure for ever. A man may sit down and read a poem, study it, note its allusions, its structure, even its beauties, and it may become no more his own than if he had never read it. The setting is wanting. Certain surroundings induce a receptive frame of mind, and what is taken in in their midst becomes a part of ourselves.

The very name of the Faery Queene brings back to my mind a rustic seat dropping to pieces from age in the Stand Wood at Chatsworth on a rock overlooking the old oaks. Not giants of their kind those oaks, though one at least dates back to King Alfred, and rising from the hearts of two others at the fork of the branches are full grown mountain-ash trees whose scarlet berries gleam splendid in autumn against the dark green and brown oak leaves. At the bottom of the valley below runs the Derwent, and "Darent" according to local pronunciation, and hills and woods rise again opposite. Overhead sits a squirrel (there are always squirrels there) chattering and throwing down acorn husks. Now and then one hears the trampling of deer, or the scream of a jay. On still afternoons in the end of August the Faery Queene went with me there, and that is my setting for the first two books. No thought of the allegory came at first only of Una and her Knight. the exquisite beauty of the verse itself not consciously noted but felt. The fact that the scenery is not grand or wild but only lovely suits Una exactly.

One day I was reading the tenth Canto of Book I., when over the Derwent came the sound of change ringing from Edensor Church, and the bells joined themselves to the verses and ring through them still, and will always ring there for me. And through them and by them came the meaning of the story seen as one sometimes sees suddenly the figures under a stereoscope round themselves and stand out from their back ground. Not the figures of the second